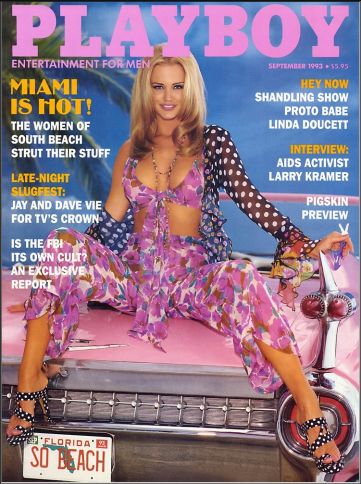


PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1993 • \$5.95

MIAMI IS HOT!

THE WOMEN OF
SOUTH BEACH
STRUT THEIR STUFF

LATE-NIGHT
SLUGFEST:
JAY AND DAVE VIE
FOR TV'S CROWN

IS THE FBI
ITS OWN CULT?
AN EXCLUSIVE
REPORT

HEY NOW
SHANDLING SHOW
PROTO BABE
LINDA DOUCETT

INTERVIEW:
AIDS ACTIVIST
LARRY KRAMER

**PIGSKIN
PREVIEW**

FLORIDA
SO BEACH



"Don't you think we'd be more comfortable if we inflated the air bags?"

SHOWSTOPPER

the "hey now" guy from the *Larry Sanders* show pens a poem to the fabulous Darlene



Reality check: As we all know, Hank Kingsley and Darlene Schepini are fictional characters. They inhabit HBO's hit series *The Larry Sanders Show*, starring Gary Shandling. Hank, the show's second banana, is played by Jeffrey Tambor (in bottom right picture). Darlene is played by Linda Doucett (seen with runner Editor-in-Chief Hugh Halper and Shandling, bottom left, and reading over Tambor's shoulder, bottom right). But wait, it gets better: Linda also happens to be Gary Shandling's real-life love interest. "Gary and I had been very private about our relationship," Linda says. "Then Hugh Halper asked me to do runner for real. So much for privacy, huh?"

text by
HANK KINGSLEY

I'M NOT a real talk-show co-host, but I play one on TV's *The Larry Sanders Show*. Just because I'm fictional (Jeffrey Tambor gets the screen credit for playing me) doesn't mean I don't have opinions. And my assistant, Darlene—who is fictional too, but one hell of a gal—deserves all the praise I can give her. (I suppose Linda Doucett, the actress who plays her, deserves some credit as well.) Anyway, let me assure you that this isn't the usual shameless publicity stunt. For me, it's a labor of love, the ultimate turn-on. (My other turn-ons, by the way, are honesty, Dom Pérignon and getting a hug from Larry after a great show.) You see, I am a true *flavor* lover. My father was a charter subscriber, and I still keep a complete set of *Playboy After Dark* tapes by the bed in my Malibu home. I even coined my catchphrase, "hey now," in a moment of boyish ecstasy with the April 1988 issue in my lap. So when Hugh Hefner himself appeared on our show, he practically ignored Larry. "Hef," as I call him (he called me "buddy," a term he reserves for close friends), knew a kindred spirit when he saw one. When Hef asked me to write about our Darlene, I was honored. The delightful Darlene Schepini hails from Madison, Wisconsin.



"I think every woman imagines being in *Runaway*. Now that life is imitating art," says Linda, "we'll see if the crew treats me differently at work."



where the Sanders show beats Leno every night. She first caught my eye as the lovely assistant to a Las Vegas magician, the Amazing Clifford. "He used to see me in half twice a night. It was really scary because I thought it was real," says Darlene with her trademark giggle. "But then you saved me, Hank." Yes, it was I who gave the Sanders seductress her big break. As my gal Friday, she lubricates the wheels that keep *The Larry Sanders Show* running like the ratings machine it is. Darlene brings water when the Kingsley throat gets dry. She answers my phone, highlights my name in the trade papers, even types up my popular newsletter, *Hank's for the Memories*. (We have more than 500 readers, almost as many as you started out with, Hef.) Asked by your intrepid interviewer what she loves most about her job, Darlene answers sweetly, "Helping you, Hank." Her other turn-ons include horseback riding, kindness, puppies and romantic evenings with professional athletes. Darlene's turnoffs? "I'm a very





Naive Darlene once said on the show that she kept her virginity "by being good at other things." Linda has her own life. "I considered posing as Darlene," says Linda, "to protect my image as a woman who's about to get married." (She and Shandling plan to wed soon.) "It's strange, mixing your private and professional lives the way we do. But I posed as me, Linda, not Darlene, the cosmic Barbie doll."



positive person," she tells me, "but I just can't stand pollution or sarcasm." In the final analysis, Darlene is everything Hef had in mind when he invented sex appeal, American style. She's wholesome, nurturing, kind to children and animals, and has a wonderful innocence. Her body alone will keep us in syndication for years. "I have you to thank for that, Hank," she says charmingly. "Before I came to work for you, I hated my body. But now, with the way you respect me and sometimes look me right in the eye, I can sleep knowing I'm more than my body. I'm Hank Kingsley's personal assistant. When I wake up in the morning, it's 'Look out, world—here comes Darlene.'" Take that, all you cynics who think the American dream is dead. You can find it alive and kicking every month in *PLAYBOY* and every week on *The Larry Sanders Show*. Hank Kingsley says, Hey now, America—the best is yet to come! (P.S. to Hef: Do I get the *Playboy Interview* now? I can dish a lot of dirt on Larry.)





"My ex and I used to enter sex contests."



*"Here I am, about to be fired, and
all I can think about is making mad, passionate love to
the most exciting woman it's ever been my
privilege to work with."*



WATER BABY

carrie westcott
seeks her own (high) level

If she hadn't grown up so close to the rolling blue Pacific, Carrie Westcott might not be a woman obsessed. As it happens, Miss September lives for the water: "I love the ocean. I love to walk in the rain. I love hot tubs, bubble baths and swimming pools. There's something about being naked in water." Her voice trails off but her smile tells all. This southern Californian sticks close to the water's edge, taking vacation breaks from her work as a model and aspiring actress in Hollywood to roam the shores of Mexico, Jamaica and the Bahamas. Carrie's call to the water probably began with her childhood in Mission Viejo, California, 50 miles south of Los Angeles and half as far from a decent beach. It was tantalizingly near and yet out of reach—the stuff obsessions are made of. She was a loner as a young girl, writing poems and playing records, awash in daydreams. By the time she hit her teens, her family had moved 75 miles up the freeway to a dusty valley town flanked by the scrub-covered San Gabriel Mountains. "I

Yes, she's heard the warnings about ultraviolet rays. "To me, it's about feeling good and being happy," says Carrie, "and sunshine makes me happy. I worship the sun. I'm a sun goddess."





was not a happy camper," admits Carrie, who longed for brighter lights and a bigger city—or at least a shopping mall. "Canyon Country was the complete boonies back then. There was nothing to do and nowhere to go. Kids would go to the mountains to party. It was keg city every weekend." The life of many a mountaintop fete was budding beauty Carrie Ann Westcott. "I was a rowdy party girl in high school. And I still am," she adds, laughing. Carrie spends most of her nights club-hopping in Hollywood, where she rooms with her best friend. "Musicians are my

Growing up beautiful, "I had to prove that I had substance and that I was a good person," says Carrie. "Sometimes I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs: 'Hey! I don't think that I'm hot stuff, I just have good genes.'"







weakness," she says. "When a guy writes lyrics, practices and performs—that's sexy. I always said I was going to marry a rock star." Lately she's been thinking more about her own career than a potential boyfriend's. Print modeling has blossomed into work in commercials. Can TV roles and movies be far behind? "I'm finally getting serious about independence. For a long time my identity depended on whom I was with. I was whoever he wanted me to be. I'm ready to take charge of my life." —MARIAN BRUCE

"I believe in romance, and I believe that there is a soul mate for me somewhere out there," says Carrie. "I'll know him the minute we meet, and he'll know me. I hope he finds me soon."





When she applied to be a Playmate, Corrie was asked to describe herself. "I love life and I'm very outgoing. I'm a sensual, mystical girl," she wrote. "I love the unknown and the supernatural. I'm sorry that I missed the Sixties because I'm a hippie, a flower child at heart. I love Jim Morrison's poetry and I have all of his records. I pick flowers and burn candles and incense and love to run around naked."





MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Carrie Westcott

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Carrie Westcott

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34 1/2"

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 12-12-69 BIRTHPLACE: Mission Hills, Kansas

AMBITIONS: I want a career, family and happiness.
The goat climbs to the top of the mountain.

TURN-ONS: The man I love must be honest,
sensitive, generous and spontaneous.

TURN-OFFS: Maybe it's because I live in
Los Angeles but it seems like there's a
lot of people who are beautiful
on the outside and empty inside.

WATER FANTASIES, PART I: I'm skinny-dipping in Mexico
(this happened!). There's a full moon and I'm
singing Jim Morrison songs.

PART II: You come along. You have Cristal
Champagne in one hand and strawberries and
whipped cream in the other. (Did this happen?)

PART III: You are my fantasy!



Daddy's Girl



Don't the kitty man



With big sis Christy
Christmas '92

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A motorist approached an accident on the interstate. From the position of the vehicles, it looked as though a bus had been hit by a moving van belonging to a prosperous national company. The driver stopped, got out of his car and walked over to a victim lying on the ground. "Say, has anyone from the insurance company been here yet?" he asked.

"No," the injured man moaned.

"Good," the driver said, dropping to his knees. "Then you won't mind if I lie here next to you, will you?"



If you were wondering why there were more jokes about Branch Davidians than there were about the Jonestown massacre, we hear that it's because, in the latter case, the punch line was too long.

While browsing in an optical shop for new frames, a man saw a \$100,000 pair of glasses mounted in a locked case. When the clerk let him try them on, the customer was amazed that everyone appeared naked when he looked through them. The fellow bought the specs on the spot.

Rushing home to show his wife, the man burst through the front door with his new glasses on and saw his wife and best friend stark naked on the couch. The husband pulled off the glasses and, much to his astonishment, his wife and friend were still naked. He quickly put the glasses back on and, sure enough, they were still naked.

"Wouldn't you know it," he mumbled. "I have the damn things 20 minutes and they're already broken."

A good old boy was being questioned by the defense attorney during jury selection for a murder trial. "If the defendant were convicted tomorrow," the lawyer asked, "could you really kill him for his crime?"

"No," the rube replied. The lawyer smiled smugly. "But," the fellow continued, "I could do it on Saturday, if that's OK."

Why is carjacking so popular in New York City? It's easier than trying to get a cab.

Marty Goodsmith had just come back from a garment-industry convention when his company vice president walked into his office. "Marty," the executive said, "you look awful. Are you sick?"

"No," Marty replied. "But it's a long story."

"So tell it."

"Well, the first night of the convention, I met this gorgeous blonde at the bar," he explained. "Turns out she's a buyer who really likes our products. One thing led to another and before you know it, we're back in her room fucking our brains out."

"What's the big deal?"

"Nothing. But afterward, she sat up in bed and started sobbing. See, she's married with five kids at home. Her crying got me thinking about my wife and kids. That's when I started howling."

"But, Marty," the vice president said, "that was more than two weeks ago. Why are your eyes still so red?"

"If you cried your eyes out three times a day for two weeks, you'd look like shit, too."



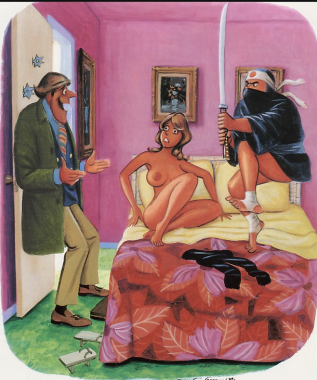
How do you know when a Deadhead has been to your house? He's still there.

In the midst of a blazing battle, an officer shouted orders to a nearby soldier. With considerable bravery, the GI ran directly into the line of fire to retrieve a briefcase from a dead soldier before diving back to safety.

"Private, I'm recommending you for a medal," the officer said. "You risked your life to recover the locations of our top-secret warehouses."

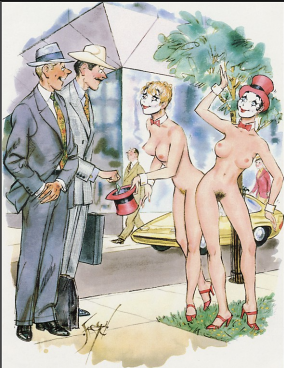
"Warehouses?" the private repeated. "I thought you said they were our top-secret whorehouses."

Send a funny one lately! Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



BUCK BROWN

*"In the future, dear, just let us know when
your nice ninja friend will be visiting, and I won't come
busting in like this."*



"Normally, I don't like street mines."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

MIAMI HEAT

south beach is the girl-watching

capital of the universe



WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

text by
PAT BOOTH

IT HAS never happened before. Not anywhere. Ever. There is a greater concentration of female beauty on the southern tip of Miami Beach between First Street and Fourteenth Street than has ever occurred in the history of the planet. This sounds like hyperbole, doesn't it? But hear me out.

We are talking about 120 blocks. According to Irene Marie of the Irene Marie Model Agency, 1500 models live in these blocks year-round. The math is simple. There are about 13 beauties per block. A lucky number for some. And that's not all. During the winter season, the megamodels jet in from New York—the Christys, Stephanies, Naomis and Cindys. They come from Europe,

Sisters Marina and Elena Ayala (opening spread) welcome you to South Beach for a day—and night—in paradise. At left, Mercy Lopez favors the au naturel approach to sunbathing. On facing page: Simone and Verina Wimmer (top left) pose with their favorite parrots. Tracy George (top right) flaunts her tan lines, while Heidi Merke (bottom right) sports none. "Viva España," shouts Blue Anchl (bottom left), whose mother was a flamenco dancer. And viva South Beach!







from Scandinavia and from Germany for the catalog shoots—hundreds of Nordic beauties. And long-legged Hispanics from Latin America. In season, there are perhaps 300 more girls visiting from abroad.

South Beach is now a major modeling center in America. Some say that it is bigger than Los Angeles. It is almost as big as London, Paris or Milan. But those other places are vast cities. South Beach is a village. That's why it's unique. That's why beauty fills the eye of the beholder. It's the girl-watching capital of the universe.

You will need somewhere to stay. Try the Marlin Hotel. Lots of top models stay there. You'll meet them in the funky bar and in the funkier Jamaican restaurant, Shabem, where you eat goat and listen to state-of-the-trend reggae. The Marlin is owned by Chris Blackwell, the Englishman who signed Bob Marley and U2 to his Island Records label. Another hotel possibility is Gloria Estelan's Candom, on Ocean Drive. Eat with the Cuban elite in the nearby

When it comes to Harley biking, Lord have mercy. Mercy Lopez (facing page, bottom), that is. After you stagger back from the beach, where you've been watching Julia Young (right) and Carmen Todd (top left, opposite page) work on those mind-melting bikini lines, stop at the Fashion Cafe on Ocean Drive, where you'll rub shoulders with models (facing page, clockwise from the top) Jennifer Driver, Deirdre Wolf, Karen Devo, Nicole, and (in the middle) Ingrid Tinschold.







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Carlos Altes-decorated restaurant, Lario. New Yorkers like the Park Central, which was there at the beginning of the beach revival. Barocco, its restaurant, is an offshoot of the one in Soho. Magazines such as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* use it. So if you like your girls Kate Moss-thin and on top of things, this is where you will go. Or you could stay at the Raleigh, which has the most beautiful pool in Miami and an open-air muscle-pumping station beside it. Models from the North hang out here to pick up the obligatory South Beach tan. Sharpen your chat, Milwaukee. This is it.

You have come here not just to see the girls. You have come here to meet them. In the rest of America that is not easy. Here, it is. But you will need some tips. More important, you will need some accessories. First, transport. Forget cars. You will be outgunned by the Porsche- and Mercedes-tooting locals. What you need is a bike, and not just any old bike. You need a

(continued on page 161)



Jody Haskins, Sandy Flynn, Angie Gragt and Noralie McCullough (left to right on preceding spread) enjoy the South Beach sunshine. Marina Ayala and sister Elena (above left) also get exposure. This month's runway cover girl, six-foot Jennifer Driver (far left), likes her men "in Armani garb and at the helm of long, fast boats." Julie Lynn Galini (left) glows with the knowledge that the world is her oyster. Jody closes out the tour (on right) with Tracy George.





"Golly, a threesome. Could this be an indication that we're finally coming out of the recession?"

Julie's Tying One On

Does JULIE KRUIS look familiar? She sold La Victoria saba with Lee Trevino on TV, appeared on a Bud Dry poster, graced the covers of *Swimwear Illustrated* and *Swimsuit International* and has won bikini contests.



Band on the Run

BON JOVI is celebrating a decade of making music together with a tour sold out through 1994. *Worldwide* that comes to 40 million records, and the latest LP, *Keep the Faith*, is another hit. The boys are currently on tour with Extreme in a city near you. So slap on your gaudy outfit, lace up your dancing shoes and hit the outdoor arena.



Life's Just a Bowl of Cherry

Singer NENEH CHERRY is cheering. Her recent LP, *Honeydew*, was the critics' choice, and the single *Buddy X*, about a guy who talks family values but cheats on his woman, is sneaking up the charts.



Over, Above the Crowd

Model TAMI OVER is just getting started. In addition to working on a poster, she has been featured in magazines and fashion layouts. And now we get in on the act. *Grapevine* salutes Tami.





She's a Hit, Not Amis

Critics have called actress SUZY AMIS "mesmerizing" and a "standout," but in so-so movies. Two upcoming roles ought to change that. In *The Ballad of Little Jo* she plays a woman posing as a man, and in *Watch It*, a romantic comedy co-starring Peter Gallagher, Suzy gets to show off. Even more than in this dress.



The Return of the Funkmeister

Party animal and rapper's delight GEORGE CLINTON, along with the P-Funk All-Stars and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, tore the roof off the last Grammy show. He's happy to be sampled, always pushing the envelope and tearing again. We say: Hail to Clinton.



Life's a Topless Beach

Model NICOLE BEACH appears as a model in the Michael J. Fox movie *For Love or Money*. Designer Isaac Mizrahi plays a designer, Julian Russell, à la Calvin. Art imitates life.

NEXT MONTH



SHIRAZ MADHOJI



CHEATING HEARTS



CAUCASIAN COUNTRYMEN



PAC BEATES

EQUILIBRIUM—THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE JOEY'S ONCE-MOUSY GIRLFRIEND STARTED PUMPING IRON. NOW JOEY WONDERES IF HE CAN LOVE A WOMAN WHO HAS DEVELOPED MUSCLE—FREE-WINNING COLLEGE FICTION BY **ROLAND H. KELTS**

SS-B—THE CAUCASIAN COLLEGE SHUCKERS ARE IN A SLUMP. ONLY THEIR GRIDIRON TENACITY STANDS BETWEEN THEM AND HUMILIATION—FICTION BY **T. CORA-GHESSAN BOYLE**

CHEATING HEARTS—WHEN IT COMES TO THE GAME OF LOVE, NO ONE BENDS THE RULES LIKE A MARRIED MAN. OUR INTREPID JOURNALIST GETS THE INSIDE COPE IN A SERIES OF CANDID CONFESSIONS FROM HUSBANDS WHO FOOL AROUND—BY **LORI WEISS**

WHO IS BUBBA?—TRAVELING LIFE'S FAST LANE IN A PICKUP TRUCK, BUBBA IS NO HICK, HE'S A STATE OF MIND. IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS HILARIOUS NEW BOOK, **DAN JENKINS** REVEALS WHAT YOU'VE PROBABLY SUSPECTED: THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF BUBBA IN EACH OF US

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST—FREE AGENCY HAS WRECKED HAVOC IN THE NFL. **DANNY SHERIDAN**

UNTANGLES THE MESS AND TELLS WHO CAN STOP DALLAS. ANYONE? PLUS, SPORTS JOURNALIST **PAT JORDAN** HAS A LIVELY VISIT WITH COWBOYS GOLDEN BOY **TROY AIKMAN**

WESLEY SNIPES—HOLLYWOOD'S BLACK ACTION HERO STALLS THE BAD GUYS TO TALK ABOUT WOMEN, BLACK SEXUAL POWER AND BOX-OFFICE CLOUD IN A FEARLESS 30 QUESTIONS—BY **DAVID RENSIN**

JERRY SEINFELD—THE STAR OF TV'S EPONYMOUS HIT IS AN SWM, 39, WITH A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR AND WITHOUT A GIRLFRIEND. READ WHY—AND ALL ABOUT STAND-UP, SNEAKERS AND SELF-ABUSE—IN A YETTY FUNNY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW—BY **DAVID RENSIN**

RHONDA SHEAR KEEPS BISMARCKS LAUGHING WITH HER NINJA-SIMBO WIT. THE UP ALL NIGHT CABLE HOST-ESS SHARES A BIT OF HER MADNESS IN A DELICIOUS PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

PLUS: PLAYMATE **JENNY MCCARTHY**, TEN GLORIOUS PAGES OF THE WOMEN OF THE PAC TEN, **ASA BAKER** TAKES ON HIS CRITICS, BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHIONS AND ELECTRONIC SCHOOL PRODUCTS